

ride by I can see with my eyes the old familiar forms and faces which lent a peculiar character to the dear old homes. The pioneers are sleeping now in their "windowless Palaces of rest" but their spirit still walks abroad in these beloved scenes. Of those who occupy their homes well may it be said:

"They have no title deeds to house or lands.  
Owners and occupants of earlier days,  
From graves forgotten, stretch their boney hands,  
And hold in Mortmain still their old estates."

#### Scenes In Old Church

My home was on the border line between the two church communities of Aldenville and Clinton, and I was familiar with the men and women who worshiped in this church in the olden days. As I look out upon this audience, I see another audience, invisible to most of you, but present to my mind--Deacon Rufus Grennell, Uncle Alva Norton, Sidney Norton, E. K. Norton, Hiram Norton, Squire West, Sylvester E. North, Virgil and Milo Gaylord, Horace and Francis Griswold, the faithful wives of all these and a host of others too numerous to mention. They are all here in their old familiar places. I cannot, if I would, forget the dear old faces of those godly men and women who lived and toiled and sacrificed in this community, and who worshiped here and kept the faith and when their blessed hands grew weary they folded them and lay down to dreamless sleep here among the monuments of their loves and labors. Their presence pervades this room, with their peculiar modesty they shrink from the praise we offer and the encomiums we pronounce upon their characters. You, venerable fathers, mothers, heroes, heroines all, we welcome your silent forms and blessed faces here today. You were faithful in every walk of life. You laid the foundations of these homes, schools and churches, the blessings your children and strangers enjoy.

Again. I lift my eyes yonder where used to be the choir loft and I see a goodly array of men and women, who year in and year out sang the dear old hymns, but who have long since joined the choir invisible. I see Francis June, the leader, pitching the tune with his fork. I see the men and women rise and the long tune book flutter open in a row along the railing. I hear the old familiar voices as they all join in and sing the songs of day before yesterday as if the music was in their souls and must come out. And thus long years they sang and soared and floated upon the wings of music till, one by one they passed in thru the pearly gates and are singing now the songs ever old yet ever new around the Great White Throne in heaven.